

# With The First Nighters

I COULD no help wondering, as I watched the Russian dancer, Kosloff, and his ballet disport themselves in the effeminate "Legend of Tartary" at the Orpheum, what the Bolshevik have done with the imperial Russian ballet. It is so obviously a product of a decadent imperialism that it must have cut across the grain of rough-neck rule somewhere. Its barbaric beauty, its royal pomp, its aesthetic qualities and its vague symbolism are far removed from slapstick vaudeville and, one would think, from the tastes of Russians who have just come up out of the depths of a brutalized life and have done nothing better than brutalize all with which they have come in contact.

Only in its sensual appeal is the Russian ballet universal and that element is by no means so conspicuous, so flaunting and so flagrant as our American attempts to imitate the symbolic dances that have come to us out of Muscovy. Our productions emphasize the more debasing qualities; the Russian ballet, at least as we see it interpreted by Kosloff and his associates, stresses the poetic, the beautiful.

Kosloff has availed himself of dancers who rank in his own class. The women are dainty, graceful, almost aerial. The men are technically perfect, but not quite so masterful as Kosloff.

In meting out praise one must not forget the captivating scenery of Vassili Trusoff, nor the merits of Rodion Mendelevitch, the musical director.

The bill this week begins with the thrilling marksmanship of the McIntyres. Mr. McIntyre shoots little balloons off the arms of his smiling wife and even tiny targets off her head. He accompanies his shooting with a witty patter that hits the target almost as often as do his bullets.

Eileen Beatty and Florence Hobson present a dainty musical act mingled with comedy and the six Kirksmith sisters appear in an elaborate musical interlude.

Charlie Wilson, "The Loose Nut," apparently has less kernel to him than most of the nut family. Nevertheless he manages to explode the laughing-bombs in the hearts of his audience, assuming, of course, that laughter comes from the heart.

Samuel Adams and J. P. Griffith have devised a farcical "Music Lesson" which defies even the most resolute pessimist not to snicker at its nonsense.

The bill concludes effectively with an act by two strong men who are at the same time Beau Brummels of grace.

## PANTAGES

THERE'S a headliner at the "Pan" this week that is winning 'em all. And who could help but "ohing" and "ahing" at the fetching Magazine Girls led by Polly Walker, and

chuckling with glee at Doc Baker, smile-maker supreme, who rollick through a gorgeously costumed musical comedy called "Fun, Fads and Fashions?" The staging is superb, the girls are attractive and Doc Baker, the lightning change artist, is a show all by himself.

Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson have a tickling tumult called "At Home." Lew Wilson—"the variety boy"—brings much applause with his clever jesting, singing and yodeling. Tommy Van and Sara Vernon show that after all an inveterate souse can really be cured even in pre-prohibition days. Their turn is called "A Peach and a Stew," and crackles with mirth. Joe Dealy and his sister "shake a foot" in "Dancing a la Carte," which proves a worthy curtain-raiser. Interesting news views and musical program by Eddie Fitzpatrick and his Pantages orchestra conclude this attractive bill.

Wednesday's new show promises to be a potpourri of mirth and music. The headline attraction will be McKay's Scotch Revue, featuring wee May McKay, Scotch comedienne. The extra added attraction will be Derkin's European Novelty, a dog and monkey pantomime offering. Other acts will include Jim Doherty in "A Little Bit of Irish"; Lowe & Baker sisters in "Odds and Ends of Musical Comedy," and the Zara Carmen Trio in "Oddity in Manipulations."

## WILKES

A DRAMATIC comedy is "The Fool's Game," the new play which will be produced at the Wilkes tomorrow night with Crane Wilbur and Maude Fealy in the leading roles, supported by the Wilkes players.

"The Fool's Game" is a play packing one of the heaviest "punches" displayed by any drama of serio-comic vein in recent years. Crane Wilbur, as well as playing the principal roles, also has the distinction of being the author and has had the pleasure of noting the genuine interest with which his play was received during a recent extended engagement on the coast.

The element of surprise, which has made famous so many plays, and which has been absent from so many failures, is one of the charms of "The Fool's Game." It is almost a complete departure, in many ways, from the ordinary "run of mine" drama. The audience that expects to get its thrilling climax at the usual point in the story, will have a surprise.

The story has to do with a triangular love affair between an American colonel, lately returned from France, a society idler and a society girl, the latter impoverished. In an effort to get much-needed funds and also to make the way clear to marry the idler, the girl accepts the colonel's proposal of marriage, on conditions involving a large settlement and a release after six months, if unhappy. Discovery of the scheme is made by the colonel who, as a novel, though extreme, disciplinary measure, handcuffs together his bride and her lover. How they escape this unpleasant predicament is the part of the story spoiled by the telling.

"The Fool's Game" will continue throughout the week, with matinees Thursday and Saturday and performances every night.

## THE ANTIQUITY OF DICE

THE rights of hazard and devotees of chance, who live in and by the rattle of the box, little know, or care, perhaps, to whom they are indebted for the invention of their favorite cube. They will solace themselves, no doubt, on being told that they are pursuing a diversion of the highest antiquity, and which has been handed down through all civilized as well as barbarous nations to our own times.

The term "cube," which is the figure of a die, comes originally from the Arabic word "ca'b," or "ca'be," whence the Greeks derived their kubos and kubeia, which is used to signify any solid figure perfectly square every way—such as the geometrical cube, the die used in play, and the temple at Mecca, which is of the same figure. The Persic name for "die" is "dad," and from this word is derived the name of the thing in Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian, namely, dado. In the old French it is det, in the plural dets; in modern French de and dez, whence our English name "die," and its plural "dies," or "dice."

Plato tells us that dice and gaming originated with a certain demon, whom he calls Theuth. The Greeks ascribed the invention of dice to one of their race, named Palamedes, a sort of universal genius, who hit upon many other contrivances, among the rest, weights and measures. But this worthy lived in the times of the Trojan war, and yet Homer makes no mention of dice—the astragaloi named by the poet being merely knucklebones. Dice, however, are mentioned by Aristophanes in his comedies, and so it seems that the invention must be placed between the times of the two great poets, that is, about 2300 years



EDDIE FOY AND THE SIX YOUNGER FOYS WHO TOP A BILL OF EIGHT ACTS WITH FOUR HEADLINERS AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK